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(and books are now so cheap that most persons can afford such,) is supplied with the essential materials for rational enjoyment. A part of his time judiciously devoted to labor, makes him as independent of others as is desirable ; while a portion of his leisure passed with books, elevates, purifies, and improves his intellect, and thus he secures to himself health of body and mind.

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ART. VII.—1. *My Prisons ; Memoirs of SILVIO PELLICO of Saluzzo*. Cambridge : Printed by Charles Folsom. 1836. 16mo. pp. 368.

2. *Additions to "My Prisons ; Memoirs of Silvio Pellico," with a Biographical Notice of Pellico*. By PIERO MARONCELLI of Forli. Translated from the Italian, under the Superintendence of the Author. Cambridge : Printed by Charles Folsom. 1836. 16mo. pp. 276.

THE writer of an excellent article on Pellico, in the twenty-second Number of the "Foreign Quarterly Review," remarks, that if the work had been "an ordinary invective against Austrian oppression, conceived and executed in the usual perfervid manner of Italian partisanship, it would have been forgotten in a fortnight ; but this calm, classical, and moving picture of suffering, insinuates itself irresistibly into the heart, and will long maintain its hold on the memory." The work before us is a proof of the truth of this remark ; it is a new translation of Pellico's account of his imprisonment.

It is four years since this sad story was first told in Europe, in accents of such deep and touching pathos, that we seemed to be listening to the voice of one who had passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death ; and now, his words are echoed again in America, and,

" Like to a harp-string stricken by the wind,  
The sound of his lament shall "

sweep over our land, and be heard with deep and thrilling emotion.

We rejoice that this new translation has been made and published ; for, although an English version was prepared in 1833, there still seemed to be sufficient reason for doing the work again. Without intending any disparagement to the London translator's abilities, we may say that his work was fitted rather to satisfy the immediate and urgent demand of English readers, than to do full justice to the style and sentiments of the original. The public were not willing to wait for an elaborate and carefully revised version of a book so full of thrilling interest, and which was addressed not merely to Italy or France, but to the world. But, now that the work has become a classic in the literature of every civilized nation, it seems very desirable that it should be rendered into English with great care and accuracy, and in such a manner as to convey, as far as possible, an idea of the remarkably chaste and elegant style of the original. These objects have been very successfully accomplished in the American translation. It is literal, without being stiff ; and while it conveys the thoughts of Pellico, it speaks in the same natural and unaffected style. The work has been executed with great care and fidelity ; every word has been weighed and selected, every sentence revised, and the whole discussed and examined by able scholars ; so that we know not where a more complete version of any work could be found.

To give our readers, however, an opportunity of judging of the necessity of a new translation, we will lay before them some of the inaccuracies in the English work.

In the first place, there occur through the book numerous additions or interpolations, which destroy the effect of that simplicity for which the original is so remarkable. For instance, on page 86, chapter 35, (we use the London edition of 1833,) the following sentence appears ; " And rest satisfied with the acquaintance we had formed, the mutual pleasure we had already derived, and the unalterable good-will we felt toward each other, which resulted from it." Our readers will be surprised to find in the Italian, only the following words ; " E ci contentassimo d'esserci conosciuti collo scambio di poche parole, ma indelebili e mallevadrici di alta amicizia ; " which are thus rendered in the American translation ; " and content ourselves with being known to each other by the exchange of a few words, indelible pledges of strong attachment." Again, chapter 52, page 125, Pellico, describing

his meeting with Maroncelli, is made to say, "We mutually described our prison walks and adventures, *complimenting each other on our peripatetic philosophy.*" The latter clause of the sentence which we have marked with italics, is entirely an addition by the translator. The sentence in the original, is "Ci confidammo parecchie carcerarie peripezie," and is well translated; "We confided to each other various incidents of our imprisonment." In chapter 59, page 143, the Italian, "Io sono cattivo, o signore," is translated, "No, Sir, I am bad — rank bad." In chapter 79, page 191, we read; "And last not least the innocent badinage of a young Hungarian fruiteress, the corporal's wife, who flirted with my companions." This purports to be a translation of the following sentence; "E per ultimo un innocente amore, — un amore non mio, nè del mio compagno, ma d' una buona caporalina Ungherese, venditrice di frutta." The American translation has it; "And in the last place an innocent attachment, — not on my part, nor on the part of my companion, but on that of a good, simple girl, the daughter of an Hungarian corporal, a fruit-seller."

Many instances occur also of hasty and incorrect translation. In the very first line, there is a mistake in the date. Pellico was arrested on the 13th of October; not the 15th, as we read in the London translation. In chapter 55, page 132, we are told that arriving at Fusina, from Venice, they found two boats waiting for them, and that their guards were "some of them at hand in the boats; others in the box of the vetturino." This account presents a very confused idea of their mode of travelling. Why they should have boats ready at Fusina, where persons arriving from Venice usually change the gondola for a land carriage, and why part of the guards should ride on the box of a vetturino, or coach, while the remaining part went in boats with the prisoners, is extremely difficult to be comprehended; especially when we find, a few lines afterwards, that their journey lay over the Alps, which Hannibal himself would never have thought of crossing in a boat. Upon referring to the original, we find that the English translator has rendered "legni," "boats"; when any one who is at all familiar with colloquial Italian, knows that legno is a general term for land carriage.

In chapter 59, page 143, old Schiller, the jailer of Spielberg, says; "Captain as I am," &c. &c. Though we did

not doubt that the whole Austrian army were subject to do service as jailers and executioners, we were still somewhat surprised to perceive that the Emperor should actually use his captains for turnkeys ; but on looking into the original, we found the words, "Caporale qual sono," "Corporal as I am."

Towards the end of chapter 68, in giving an account of an interview with Schiller, Pellico says that each of them joined his hands and prayed in silence. He then adds ; "Ei capiva ch' io facea voti per esso, com' io capiva ch' ei ne facea per me." This is very well rendered in the American version ; "He understood that I was praying for him, and I that he was praying for me." But the English translator has it ; "He saw it and took my hand with a look of grateful respect." (p. 165.)

In the 71st chapter, Pellico, in giving an account of the daily routine, says ; "Un breve intervallo, e ci portavano la colazione. Questa era un mezzo pentolino di broda rossiccia, con tre sottilissime fettine di pane ; io mangiava quel pane e non bevea la broda." One would think that a pot of red broth, with three very thin slices of bread, was hard fare enough ; but the English translator, refining upon Austrian cruelty, tells us, (page 172,) that the breakfast consisted of "coarse bread and *swill*." In the same chapter, "A certi discorsi non rispondevamo se non pregandoli di tacere," is rendered in the London translation, (page 178,) "Touching upon some topics, they entreated of us to be silent, refusing to give any answer." Pellico has just said that their guards sometimes conversed with them, and then adds the words we have here cited, the meaning of which is, obviously, exactly the contrary of the English translation. They are rendered properly in the new version ; "To certain remarks *we* did not reply, except by begging them to be silent." This makes the next sentence intelligible, in which Pellico adds ; "It was natural that we should doubt, whether what they said were entirely the overflowing of simple hearts, or whether there were not some artifice in it for the purpose of discovering our thoughts."

Another remarkable error in translation occurs in the 77th chapter, where Pellico, speaking of the ill health of Maroncelli, says ; "L' unica idea che mi spaventasse era la possibilità che questo infelice, di salute già assai rovinata, sebbene

meno minacciante della mia, mi precedesse nel sepolcro." This is translated in the American work ; " The only idea which alarmed me was the possibility that my unfortunate friend, whose health was ruined, though his danger seemed less imminent than my own, might precede me to the tomb." But the English translator has it ; " The sole idea which tormented me, was the possibility of this excellent friend also being snatched from me ; his health having been much broken, so as to threaten his dissolution ere my own sufferings drew to a close." (p. 186.)

In the 78th chapter, " Io m' aspettava di vederlo volgere la finezza del suo ingegno ad indagini sconvenienti," is rather inelegantly translated ; " I imagined that we should soon discover him *putting out his feelers* to induce us to make imprudent disclosures." (p. 188.) The American translator has it ; " I expected to find him employing the acuteness of his mind in unbecoming investigations."

There is no need of bringing forward other instances of inaccuracy in the English translation. It is not our object to criticize that work ; but to give an answer to the inquiry so often repeated, " Why should a new translation of Pellico be made ? " We presume we have said enough already, to show, that the American translation, having been made more at leisure, and with great critical minuteness and accuracy, does more justice to the original, and deserves, better than the first version, to stand as the representative of Pellico in the English language.

The volume which we have named in company with " My Prisons," at the head of this article, is, we believe, the first translation into English which has appeared, of Maroncelli's " Additions." This work forms a valuable accompaniment to Pellico's, as it contains many details of great interest respecting the prisoners of Spielberg, and gives us more satisfactory information with regard to the causes of their arrest. Indeed, upon this point Pellico is entirely silent, remarking that, like an ill-treated lover, who keeps aloof from his mistress, he shall leave politics where they are, and speak of other things.

The volume consists of a biographical notice of Pellico ; notices of several individuals mentioned in " My Prisons," with further particulars of the sufferings at Spielberg ; and an Appendix, containing an account of the massacre of Prina ;

notices of the Counts Porro and Confalonieri ; of the "Conciliatore," a periodical, conducted by Pellico and others at Milan ; the principles which it defended, and the fate of the individuals connected with it ; and, finally, a program of Maroncelli's unpublished works, with a few short poems of his composition.

The Appendix is highly interesting, as giving us a hasty view of the political state of Lombardy, for some years before the arrest of Pellico and the others, and forms a good introduction to "My Prisons." As a picture of the beautiful uprightness and justice of Austrian policy, it is worthy of attention ; and, as we are fond of expatiating on the virtues of that enlightened government, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers, in a few words, the history of the manner in which it gained possession of Lombardy, after the downfall of Napoleon. While Eugene Beauharnais was waiting at Mantua, in the expectation that the Senate of Milan would proclaim him king of Lombardy, Count Ghislieri, Aulic Counsellor of the Austrian Emperor, came furtively to Milan, and at the house of one of the old adherents of the House of Austria, formed a conspiracy with several of the rich Lombard proprietors, to attack the Senate on the day when it was proposed to take the vote in favor of Eugene, and intimidate the members from proceeding, by the murder of the minister Prina, and then, before the nomination of Eugene, and before the Senate could recover from its panic, to proclaim the Emperor of Austria as sovereign in Lombardy, and thus win back this fine country to slavery and desolation. The infamous plan proved but too successful. On the appointed day, a vast number of peasants, who had been summoned by the Lombard proprietors from their estates, came flocking to the city. "The mountains about Como," says Maroncelli, "and those that surround Lago Maggiore, and the plains opposite, poured forth in torrents the inhabitants of their villages and shores ; a savage, threatening multitude, who may well have asked one of another, 'What crime is it they would buy of us ?'" This ferocious mob, having received their watchword from Ghislieri, rushed to the Senate-house, and not finding Prina there, ran to his mansion, seized him, dragged him through the streets, and murdered him. The only persons who dared to oppose them were the Counts Porro and Confalonieri, who mounted their horses, rode into

the midst of the mob, and endeavoured, by reasoning with them, to check their fury. Finding arguments of no avail, they hastened to Pino, general of the military forces, and besought him to interfere ; but motives of prudence restrained him. As a last resort, they applied to the curate of San Fedele, and implored him to appear in procession with the host. "But," says Maroncelli, "the curate was of a poor spirit. He did not feel the mission, and refused ;" and the mob pursued their fiendish work.

The Senate was dissolved, and a regency nominated. The first act of the regency was to appoint three commissioners ; Baron Trecchi was sent to Lord Bentinck at Genoa ; Confalonieri to Paris, where the allied sovereigns then were ; and Porro to the Austrian camp beyond the Ticino, to treat with the General Bellegarde. Here he was immediately made prisoner, but had the good fortune to escape soon after. As soon as Bellegarde had arrested him, he broke up the camp and put his troops in motion for Lombardy. Confalonieri's reception by the Austrian Emperor at Paris was not much more favorable. His Majesty was greatly astonished, that his former subjects in Lombardy should dare to think of independence. "Go," said he to Confalonieri, "and say to them that new rights are added to the old ones. While I speak, my armies have reconquered them, and thus they are doubly my property." His words were true ; and thus was Lombardy again subjected to the hated tyranny of Austria.

Porro and Confalonieri returned to Milan, to wait in patience for the time to come, when their country should be able again to throw off the yoke, and to endeavour by silent and gentle means to regenerate her. They did every thing in their power to encourage letters, arts, schools, and manufactures, by great personal exertions, and large expenditures in importing foreign machines and improvements of various kinds, with workmen to teach their use.

One of the most important steps which they took in order to accomplish their purposes, was the establishment of a periodical work called the "Conciliatore," of which Silvio Pellico was the editor. The objects of this journal were ostensibly literary and scientific. Men of eminence were engaged to write for it both in Italy and foreign countries, and it appears to have been conducted and supported with great ability. The account which Maroncelli gives of the writers who contributed



to this paper, the subjects discussed, and the principles of criticism advocated in it, is extremely interesting. It seems, when we are reading the list of fine geniuses whose talents were elicited by this journal, as if the veil which Austrian tyranny has thrown over the mind of Italy were for a moment withdrawn, to show us the brilliant lights which would beam upon the world if that gifted nation were but free. Alas ! this light shone but as the blaze of a meteor, and triple darkness followed its extinction. The journal was continued till 1820, subject to the censorship, when this power was used so arbitrarily that nothing was left of the articles but the title and signature ; which of course, amounted to a complete interdiction, and the journal ceased to exist. The insurrection of the Constitutionalists at Naples took place a few months afterwards, and, being easily quelled, had no other effect than to heighten the rigors of Austrian tyranny. This was displayed in the most signal manner, in the arrest of many of the writers in the *Conciliatore*. Pellico, as Editor, was peculiarly obnoxious ; he was seized by the police of Milan, in October, 1820, and underwent the long and dreadful imprisonment, of which he has given us an account in his extraordinary book. It does not appear from Maroncelli's account of the "*Conciliatore*," that politics were treated of to any extent in it ; and, as it was constantly subjected to the censorship, it is certain that nothing very obnoxious to the Austrian government can have appeared on its pages. Maroncelli says of the journal ; " It was a logical school of liberty. The Austrian government called it a conspiracy ; and it is most true, that, in a certain sense, every honest effort for social amelioration is a conspiracy ; a conspiracy of the good against the bad, a conspiracy prescribed by the Gospel against all error, prejudice, and iniquity." This however, was enough to alarm Austria ; the objects of the journal were to make the nation wiser, better, and happier, and gradually lead it on to that degree of intelligence, which prepares the way for freedom. The objects of the Austrian government are to render the nation more ignorant and more miserable, and to carry it back, step by step, to the dark ages of oppression and slavery. The power of evil conquered.

In giving an account of the "*Conciliatore*," Maroncelli introduces his chapter on "*Cor-mentalism*," which is replete with elevated and fine thought. We regret that the language is so technical, as to repel many, and we are the more sorry, be-

cause there seems to be a prevailing disposition in many writers of the present day, to fall into the habit of using numerous expressions which do not belong to the "language of humanity." This is a decided error in judgment and taste. That there is, that there must be a gradual change in language cannot be denied; the vocabulary of Chaucer, for instance, would not be comprehensive enough to express all the ideas of the nineteenth century; but it is a mistake in any writer to anticipate such a change. No mind can be so much in advance of the age, as to require a separate vocabulary; and as a matter of taste, as well as kindness to readers, it would seem better occasionally to use a little circumlocution, if necessary, than to depart from the language of the age. The proper source of new words is the general usage of society, where all language has its origin; and, as language was spoken before it was written, so all new words should be allowed to come into vogue in the same way; that is, to be authorized by general use before they appear in writing. We have made these objections, that we may speak with more unrestrained praise of the chapter on Cor-mentalism in all other respects; as it abounds in lofty and correct views, and deserves to be read with deep attention. We are sure that any reader who will overcome the technicalities, and comprehend the piece, will be well rewarded for his pains.

The remarks on Cor-mentalism were elicited by the question, which was proposed to the writer; "Which have done most honor to the human mind, the productions of the *classic* or those of the *romantic* literature?" The writer first endeavours to show the great superiority of Christian literature (or Christian *art* as he calls it, including poetry and the fine arts,) in its origin, the means it employs, and the ends it has in view, over Pagan art; that is, the poetry and fine arts, anterior to Christianity. Pagan art, he says, is material, referring only to outward forms; it wants the elevated spirit which comes from the Christian religion; it is contented with imitating nature; "the art and the artist have attained their highest excellence, when the bird pecks at the painted grapes, or when the Athenian would withdraw the veil to behold the lady it conceals." The Pagan is a selfish being; he views the universe as made for himself alone, placed at his command, and fit only for his use; instead of lifting up his soul to comprehend the vastness of creation, he endeavours to bring down the universe

within the compass of his finite powers. The great object of the poetry and the fine arts of Paganism, is pleasure. "Here," says Maroncelli, "is the secret of the whole ; selfish pleasure, without elevation."

Far different from this, are the fine arts and poetry of Christianity. The Christian regards himself, not as a solitary, independent being, but as bound to the human race by the social ties. Every act which he performs, every effort of mind, is to be viewed, not merely in reference to himself, but as having an influence upon his fellow men. The great object of Christian art is *Good*, which is to be taught not less by epic, lyric, or dramatic poetry, than in the didactic form ; this great lesson is infused into every branch of Christian art, and forms the essence of its being. The great model which the Christian places before him, not for imitation, but as the source of his inspiration, is the Deity. He regards creation as the mirror of the Almighty, and in his own works of art he endeavours to portray the same Infinite existence. "The Pagan artist," says Maroncelli, "scales the loftiest summit of the Andes ; but there heaven is excluded from his view as by a vault of adamant, which (save in its proportions) is to him like the wall of his *studio*, bounded on every side. Hence he surveys the earth, to him the universe, and this supposed universe is the palette which supplies him with colors to paint ; what ? Himself." "The Christian artist feels himself unbound, not only from earth, but from the whole creation over which he has dominion. He grasps it in his hand, and bearing it upward to Him of whom it is the image, they there repose in a divine union with the universal Being."

Pagan and Christian art agree in one respect, which is in accomplishing their objects by the representation of outward forms, as sculpture, poetry, painting. Hence they are said to be *plastic*, that is, creating forms as the means by which they effect their purposes. The great difference between them is in these purposes ; that of Pagan art being merely selfish pleasure, while Christian art has for its object the good of the whole race. The former is material and selfish, the latter spiritual and benevolent.

Having drawn this comparison between Christian and Pagan art, Signor Maroncelli proceeds to give a definition of the term Cor-mentalism. The word is derived from two others ; *core*, which signifies *heart* or *sentiment*, and *mente*, which is

translated *mind*, comprehending thought and imagination. "In this compound, the word *mente* is used to denote every creation properly intellectual; and the word *core*, every creation emanating from the feelings, from the gentlest breath of affection to the strongest emotion." Christian art, in the highest and abstract sense of the term, is characterized by this union. Still there are many poets in Paganism, who deserve to be called cor-mental, and many Christian poets to whom the term cannot be applied; and the remaining portion of the chapter is occupied with an examination of various writers, principally Italian however, as bearing the test of Cor-mentalism or not. For the concise and masterly view which it gives of Italian literature, especially of a later date, this treatise will be read with great interest. But little is known here of the modern writers of Italy; indeed the chapter on Cor-mentalism will be found to contain many names which have never reached this continent. The literature which was elicited by the "Conciliatore" had scarcely drawn the breath of life, before it was stifled by the oppressive hand of Austria; and they whose talents and genius would have been recognised and admired by the world, had they lived under happier auspices, the authors of a regenerated literature, were hurried away to Spielberg, and buried alive in its gloomy dungeons. And with them their literature has been consigned to oblivion.

And now, one by one, they are beginning to emerge from the frightful tomb where they have dragged out the best years of their life; and they come, with minds strengthened and hearts purified by suffering, to address the whole civilized world in tones of deeper pathos than Tragedy ever uttered. They come to tell us the story of their wrongs, to claim an asylum, to mourn over the ruin of their country, to wait calmly till her call shall again summon them from beyond the seas, and from every land of freedom, to put forth their energies for her liberation, and again perhaps to enter the vaults of Spielberg. But there were some, who might have beheld over their dungeon door the awful inscription which Dante read on the gates of Hell,

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate,"

who were never to leave their prison but to be transferred to the mad-house or the tomb. Their companions, who survived the horrors which destroyed them, now come to tell their fate, to relate how one who was "condemned to death, as a

Carbonaro," and, "by the grace of the Emperor Francis I.," received a commutation of the sentence to "*only fifteen years of carcere duro*," died of hunger in the second year of his imprisonment; how another, goaded to madness, has been removed by order of the Emperor to end his days in another prison; and how others are still pining in hopeless captivity, loaded with chains, condemned to servile tasks, and tormented by their savage keepers.

Such is the story which we read in Maroncelli's "Additions." The most interesting part of the book is undoubtedly that which relates particularly to himself. We seemed to be acquainted with him through his friend Pellico, before he reached our shores. We had followed him with intense interest through the various scenes and horrors of his imprisonment; we had read with tears the story of his sufferings, his illness, his courage during the fearful operation to which he submitted; we had rejoiced with him at his liberation; and when he came among us and we grasped his hand, when we gazed on his mutilated form and remembered all that he had passed through, since he had been removed in the flower of youth from the society of man, we felt that one, whose character had undergone such an ordeal, had laid up for himself treasures which no rust could corrupt, and no thief could steal.

"Rifatto sì, come piante novelle  
Rinnovellate di novella fronda,  
Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle."

We are very glad to see that works, which are destined to so high a place, appear in a form worthy of themselves. We have never seen any thing more beautiful from the American press, than the two volumes before us, which deserve a place by the side of the most elegant modern English editions.\* That they would be classically correct we felt sure, when we saw that they had issued from the press of Mr. Folsom. That the work would in every respect be elegant, we felt no less sure, when we found the name of Mr. Norton, as Editor; his beautiful edition of Mrs. Hemans, begun, but left unfinished from want of encouragement, showed plainly what was his taste in getting up editions of classic writers. The beauty of these volumes is peculiarly gratifying, however, when we remember that they are American; that the copy-right is secured; and that they are not to be subjected to the debasing touch of

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\* We speak of those copies, which escaped mutilation by the binder.

those harpies of literature, the republishers of the United States, who defile the banquet prepared by the writers of England. That these volumes are sacred from all such violation, is a mercy for which we desire to be duly thankful. And while touching upon this subject, we cannot forbear calling the attention of our readers to the importance of the establishment of a law, enabling foreign writers to obtain a copy-right for their works in this country, at the same time that they are published in Europe. This subject is now beginning to attract public notice. Several of our journals have expressed themselves in favor of such a copy-right law, and some have declared against it. We shall not pretend to offer here all the arguments in defence of such a law, nor to combat all that may be said on the other side. Our wish is to state the case as simply as possible, with the hope of engaging the attention and interest of others, who are better qualified to conduct the debate.

It is probably known to most readers, that English, and other foreign writers, are not allowed to take out a copy-right for their publications in this country. Any American has the liberty of republishing, abridging, altering, adding to a foreign book at his pleasure, without any reference whatever to the author. This liberty affords great advantages to our publishers. Within thirty days' sail of us, there is a great country more populous than our own, where our language prevails. The success of a book is abundantly tried there ; and if it is well received, the American publisher has only to reprint and sell it as his own. The copy-right costs him nothing, and he therefore enjoys the double profits of author and publisher. We say nothing of the injustice which is thus done to English writers, not because it is of small importance, but because we wish to view the subject exclusively as it relates to Americans. It must be obvious to every one, that, as long as this state of things lasts, and while there are as many writers and publishers in England as in America, our publishers will have quite enough to occupy them in reprinting English works. An American would not be so foolish as to pay a native writer a fair price for his copy-right of a work, which he is not sure of selling when printed, if he can obtain for nothing the work of some English author, of such well-known popularity, that the sale of an edition is certain. The most important consequence of this is, that there is no encouragement for Ameri-

can writers, and therefore, comparatively speaking, there can be no American literature. There will be some undoubtedly, who will assert that it is not desirable that there should be any native literature; but with such persons we decline any controversy. Our whole argument is founded upon the supposition that it is a great want; that it is superior to all other considerations, which may arise in discussing the question; superior to the importance of having books sold very cheap; superior even to the consideration of our publishers' growing rich in five years instead of ten. The reason which has always been assigned for not passing such a law, is that the absence of it promotes the cause of literature in this country; inasmuch as it affords books at a much lower rate than they could be bought otherwise, and places within the reach of many persons, books which they could not buy, if the price were higher; and that it encourages home manufactures, by enabling our publishers to reprint all of the English works which are likely to be sought. — The mistake here is, that the arrangement favors the wrong set of men. It is the writers who are to be regarded as the manufacturers, not the publishers. The American publishers, who reprint English works, are the importers and venders of foreign manufactures.

It may be said indeed that American writers are paid for their copy-rights. A very small number are paid; we doubt whether a dozen writers in this country could be mentioned, whose copy-right could be sold to any publisher for a sum sufficient to repay them for the trouble of writing a book. A very small number of writers of great celebrity are able to sell their manuscripts to advantage, because the publisher, when he puts out the reprint of an English work, incurs the risk of seeing his neighbour republish the work in a still cheaper form; whereas the work of an American popular writer, though not so profitable, is secure from the piracy of other publishers. The thing to be considered is, not how many American writers are paid for their works, but how many are not paid; what a vast number there are to enter the lists for competition, provided they are once fairly opened; how many original, thinking minds are prevented from coming before the public, from the mere inability to bear the expense of publication. It should be remembered that writers are more frequently poor, than rich men; and that numbers, who might have done honor to themselves and good to their countrymen,

have been prevented from taking the first step, by the utter coldness and indifference of the publishers. Who ever heard of an American publisher's reading a manuscript ?

One of the most unpleasant effects of the absence of a copy-right law is, inundating the country with wretched editions of very poor books. The most popular works, of course, are novels. When therefore an English writer, Bulwer or Marryatt for instance, publishes a novel, the person who intends to reprint the work in this country, must do it in a prodigious hurry, lest some other publisher anticipate him. Of course, the edition must be very bad, and sold very cheap. Where they are republished more at leisure, and in a handsomer form, they are sold higher. The cheap literature, therefore, which is the boasted result of the absence of a copy-right law, is generally of the most ephemeral and worthless form, consisting chiefly of novels. This class of works, after the lapse of five or six years from the time of publication, becomes utterly valueless ; the reprinted volumes are so hideous, as to be excluded from every decent library ; and the whole money spent by the public in purchasing the edition is entirely wasted. And yet this class of books is incomparably more numerous with us than any other.

Another bad consequence of the existing state of things is, that the choice of books, which shall be offered us, is in the wrong hands. Our publishers have, to no small extent, the direction of our reading, inasmuch as they make the selection of books for reprinting. They, of course, will choose those works which will command the readiest and most extensive sale ; but it must be remembered, that in so doing, while they answer the demand of the most numerous class of readers, they neglect the wants of the more cultivated and intelligent class. Besides this, there are many admirable works, which might come into general use if they were presented to our reading public, but which are left unnoticed by the publishers, because their success is doubtful. Supposing Abbott's "*Young Christian*," for instance, a book which has had a more extensive circulation than any work of the present times, had been first published in England, at the same moment that one of Marryatt's novels appeared, the American publishers would have given us immediately a horrid reprint of the novel ; but we should have heard nothing of Abbott's book, till its success had been abundantly tried abroad ; nor



even then, if some ephemeral novel had started up, which promised to sell better.

Nor is it certain that the price of books would be seriously augmented by the passage of the copy-right law. It must be remembered, that a great number of writers would thus be called into the field at once ; English, as well as American writers ; for, if English authors could enjoy this benefit, they would soon begin to write expressly for America ; and the competition would become so great, as to regulate the prices of books to a proper standard. But, even supposing the price to be considerably raised, it would certainly be better to pay two dollars for a handsome volume, which is worth keeping, and worth reading again, than to pay only one dollar for a book, which in five years will be worth no more than the same amount of brown paper. And, finally, there is the consideration of a native literature, which will, we presume, be placed by all reasonable and intelligent persons, above that of cheap books.

Barry Cornwall, in his preface to Willis's poems, makes the following amiable remark. "The great land of America must, of course, produce great poets and eminent men. With the deeds of their bold fathers before them ; with their boundless forests and savannahs, swarming with anecdotes of solitary adventure ; with Niagara thundering in their ears, and the spirit of freedom hovering above them, it is clear that they do not lack material for song." If he had only visited us, he would have found out, that the boldness of our fathers was nothing to the impudence of our publishers ; our forests are less extensive than their brown paper editions ; the song of some brothers of the trade, whom we could name, is louder than the roar of Niagara, nor would all the waters of Superior wash white their books.

We have barely touched upon some of the more important considerations connected with the copy-right law, rather with the hope of exciting the attention of others, than of discussing the subject in a satisfactory manner ourselves. We trust that the question will not be dropped ; and we call upon all, who feel interested in the fate of American literature, to come forward and exert themselves in the cause.

We have treated of many topics in the course of our article, but our thoughts still return to the book which we mentioned first, the "*Prisons*" of Pellico. We have

spoken of it only in relation to the merits of the English version; and we cannot conclude, without expressing our sense of the high moral power displayed in the work. We view the author as one, who has come out victorious over himself, in the tremendous contest to which he was subjected; and we trust we shall be pardoned, if we take this occasion to give utterance to our respect and admiration, and twine our humble ivy-wreath of praise with the unfading laurels that encircle his brow. We can never forget the emotions, with which we first read his touching narrative. As we closed the book, and endeavoured to recall our scattered thoughts from the wide field they had traversed, indignation and resentment were the predominant feelings. We thought of the weary days and nights, which the unhappy victim had endured in the vaults of Spielberg. We noticed the account of the first night in the prison at Milan, occupying a larger space in the narrative, than whole years of captivity after weariness and torture had become as daily habits; and then we turned to trace our own history through the same years, that we might realize the actual length of his imprisonment, comparing the happy days, the varied scenes, the change from youth to manhood, which we had passed through, with the dreary monotony of the captive's wasted life during the same period. We almost shuddered at the frightful mockery of setting the prisoners at liberty, as if fearless of the vengeance of the crushed victims. We felt that the Austrian government had done a deep wrong, not merely to the sufferers, or to their country, but to human nature itself; and we almost exulted in the belief, that although the authors of their miseries are perhaps beyond the reach of human vengeance, there is still awaiting them the fearful reckoning, when monarchs' diadems shall crumble into dust, and the purple robe shall no longer cover their crimes.

But he who reads the book with no other feelings than these, does deep injustice to the pure spirit of the author. Every page is radiant with the light of Christianity. We trace through the whole that ripening of character, that purifying of the heart, and that expansion of faith, which show that the teachings of God were received aright. We see human weakness sustained, consoled, rendered triumphant over suffering, by Almighty power. A light from heaven penetrates the gloom of the dungeon, and illumines the soul

of the captive ; and we feel, when we close the volume, that our hearts are elevated, and our faith strengthened, by the sublime picture we have contemplated.

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ART. VIII. — *Orations and Speeches on various Occasions*, by EDWARD EVERETT. Boston. American Stationers' Company. 1836. 8vo. pp. 637.

IT is a dangerous thing to print a single oration ; much more so, a volume of them. The declamatory fervor, which is essential to the success of a spoken discourse, offends the taste of the fastidious reader in his closet, coldly unravelling the flowery web, whose vivid hues will not bear too close an examination. Words, too, may be printed ; but who can print the electric language of the human eye, the expressive tones of the human voice ? Who can convey to the reader not only the sentences and paragraphs of a discourse, but the glance and the gesture, which enforced them ? Who can put upon paper, the skilful inflections and appropriate movements, which gave dignity to a commonplace observation, and effect to a tawdry flourish ? which broke the fall of a flat sentence, and made old truths sound almost as good as new ? Of the many discourses and orations, which, in our speech-making country, every season sends fluttering forth from the press, on their blue, yellow, and olive wings, how few are read, and of those few, which are read, how few are remembered. A presentation copy is, in most cases, a serious thing to a conscientious man ; for this involves the necessity of reading, and, if possible, of praising, which sometimes awakens a painful struggle between a sense of duty and a sense of politeness. We have known individuals, who avoided a difficulty of this kind, by writing their letter of acknowledgment beforehand, in which they expressed an intention of reading and an expectation of being gratified.

The foregoing observations are suggested by that fruitful mother of associations, the principle of contrast ; for the orations of Mr. Everett are splendid exceptions to a general rule. The book before us is one of those, which are the admiration